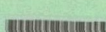
LEO BURNETT COMPANY, *Inc.*

Ad No. 1700—Req. No. 32013—2/3 page—B&W—4½ x 10 in.—College Newspapers, 1964 (B)

Column Number 17

Printed in U.S.A.



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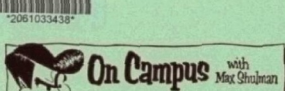


THE SLOW RUSH

Illustrated below is the membership pin of a brand-new national fraternity called Sigma Phi Nothing. To join Sigma Phi Nothing and get this hideous membership pin absolutely free, simply take a pair of scissors, cut out the illustration, and paste it on your chest.

Let me hasten to state that I do not recommend your joining Sigma Phi Nothing. The only thing I recommend in this column is Marlboro Cigarettes, as any honest man would who likes good tobacco and a good filter, whose heart is quickened by a choice of soft pack or Flip-Top Box, and who gets paid every week for writing this column.

I am frankly hard put to think of any reason why you should join Sigma Phi Nothing. Some people, of course, are joiners by nature; if you are one such, I am bound to tell you there are any number of better organizations for you to join—the Cosa Nostra, for example, or the Society for the Placing of Water Troughs in Front of Equestrian Statues.

But if you insist on joining Sigma Phi Nothing, let me give you several warnings. First off, it is the only fraternity which admits girls. Second, there is no pledge period; each new member immediately goes active. Perhaps "inactive" is a more accurate word: there are no meetings, no drives, no campaigns, no sports, no games, no dues, no grip, and no house.

The only thing Sigma Phi Nothing has in common with other fraternities is a fraternity hymn. In fact, two hymns were submitted to a recent meeting of the national board of directors (none of whom attended). The first hymn goes:

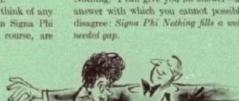
Sigma Phi Nothing,
Shining star,
How we wonder
If you are.

The second hymn, rather more poetic in content, is to be sung to the tune of *Also Sprach Zarathustra:*

A Guernsey's a cow,
A rood is a lane,
When you're eating chow,
Remember the mein.

Pending the next meeting of the national board of directors (which will never be held) members are authorized to sing either hymn. Or, for that matter, *Frenesi.*

Perhaps you are wondering why there should be such a fraternity as Sigma Phi Nothing. I can give you an answer—an answer with which you cannot possibly disagree: *Sigma Phi Nothing fills a well-needed gap.*



Cut it out and paste it on your chest

Are you suffering from mental health? Is logic distorting your mind? Is ambition encroaching on your native sloth? Is your long-cherished misinformation retreating before a sea of facts? In short, has education caught up with you?

If so, congratulations. But spring is upon us and the sap is rising, and the mind looks back with poignant longing to the days when it was a puddle of unreason.

If—just for a moment—you want to recapture those careless vaporings, that warm, squishy confusion, then join Sigma Phi Nothing and renew your acquaintance with feeblemess. We promise nothing, and, by George, we deliver it!

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We, the makers of Marlboro Cigarettes, promise smoking enjoyment, and we think you'll think we deliver it—in all fifty states of this Union. Marlboro Country is where you are.

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